

From The Pages Of The BOYS™

HEROOGASM™



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2009

From The Pages Of **The BOYS™**

HEROGASM™

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

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THE *BATTELITE* OF THE *MARITH'RAI* IS NOW CONFIRMED AS HAVING ENTERED OUR SOLAR SYSTEM. THESE IMAGES, CAPTURED BY THE HUBBLE SPACE TELESCOPE ONLY THIS MORNING, CLEARLY REVEAL THE WAR STATION PASSING THE ORBIT OF *SATURN*.

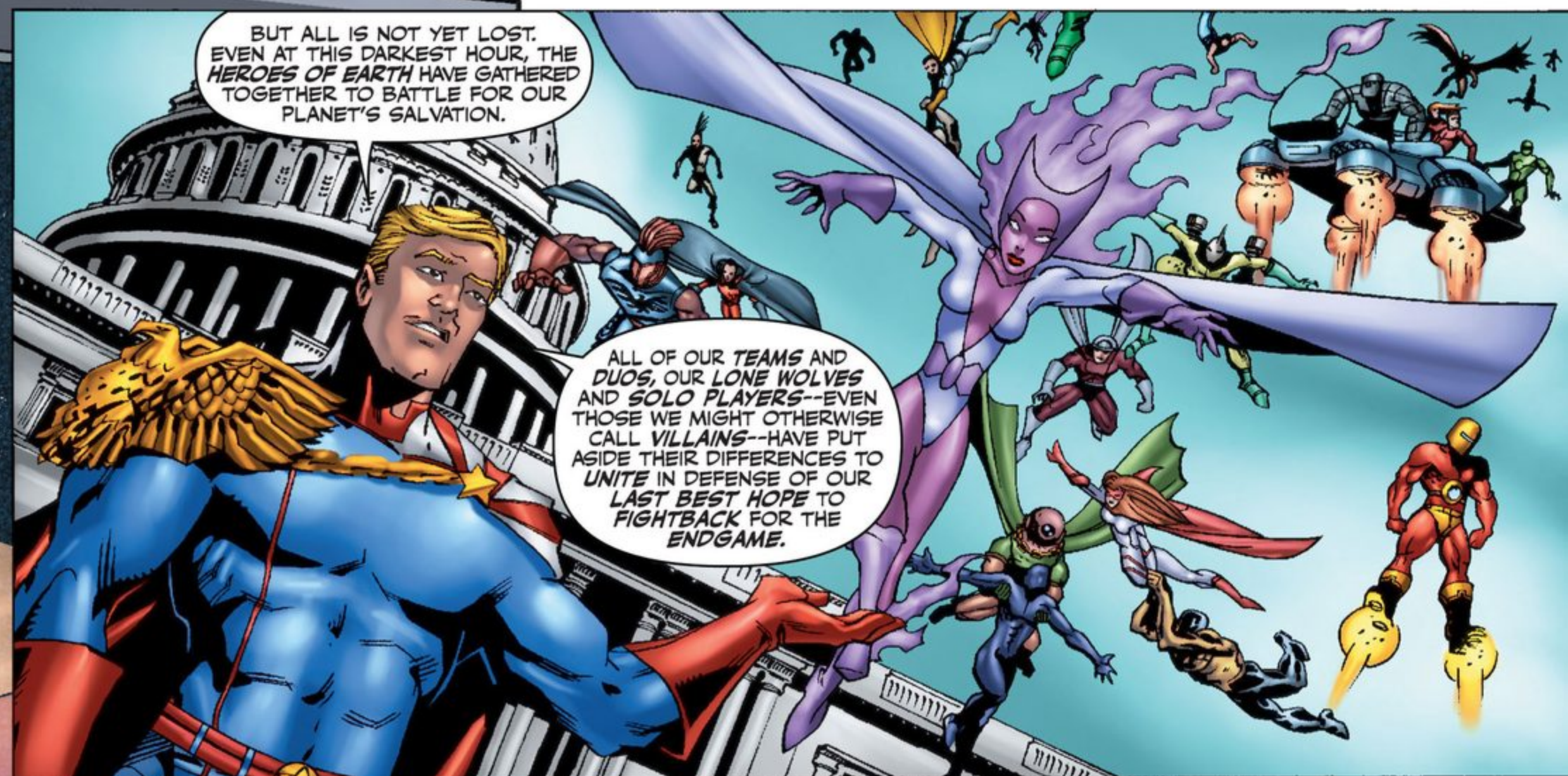




WE'VE
HEARD THAT...
THE G-MEN...

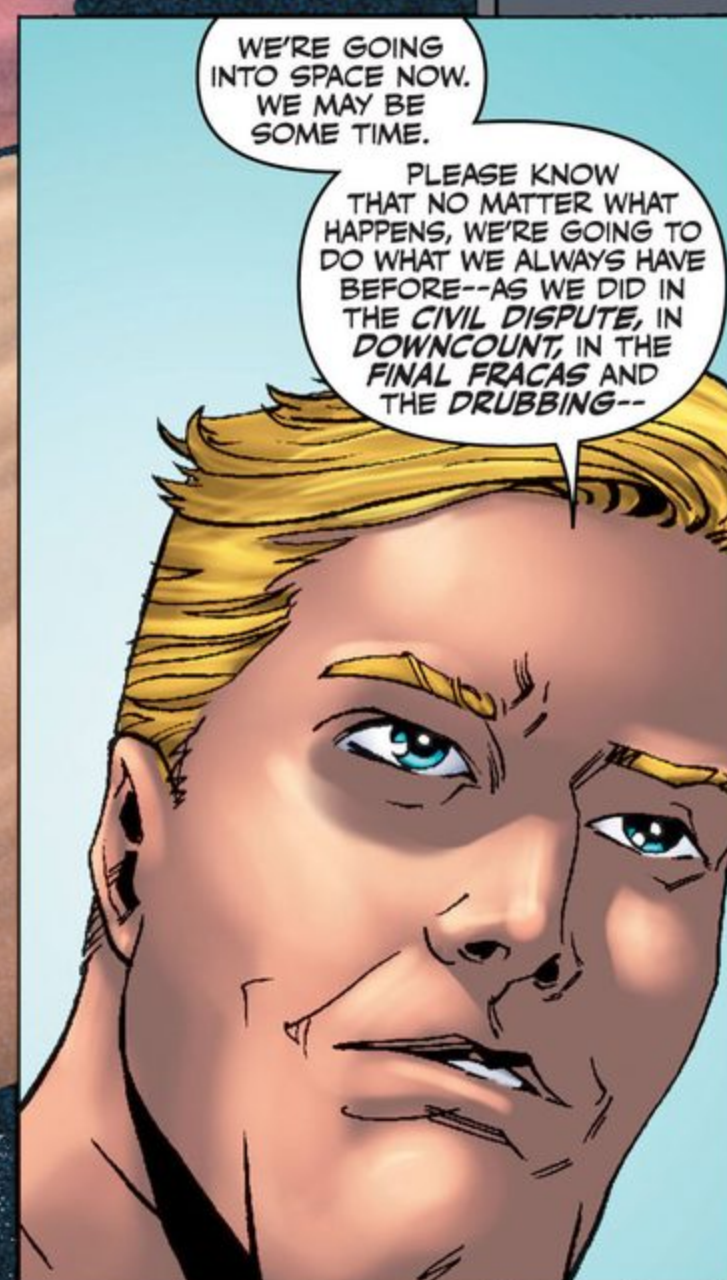
THAT OUR COMRADES,
THE *G-MEN*, HAVE
BEEN TARGETED IN A
PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE
BY THE INVADERS...

AND
HAVE NOT
BEEN SEEN
SINCE.



BUT ALL IS NOT YET LOST.
EVEN AT THIS DARKEST HOUR, THE
HEROES OF EARTH HAVE GATHERED
TOGETHER TO BATTLE FOR OUR
PLANET'S SALVATION.

ALL OF OUR *TEAMS* AND
DUOS, OUR *LONE WOLVES*
AND *SOLO PLAYERS*--EVEN
THOSE WE MIGHT OTHERWISE
CALL *VILLAINS*--HAVE PUT
ASIDE THEIR DIFFERENCES TO
UNITE IN DEFENSE OF OUR
LAST BEST HOPE TO
FIGHTBACK FOR THE
ENDGAME.



WE'RE GOING
INTO SPACE NOW.
WE MAY BE
SOME TIME.

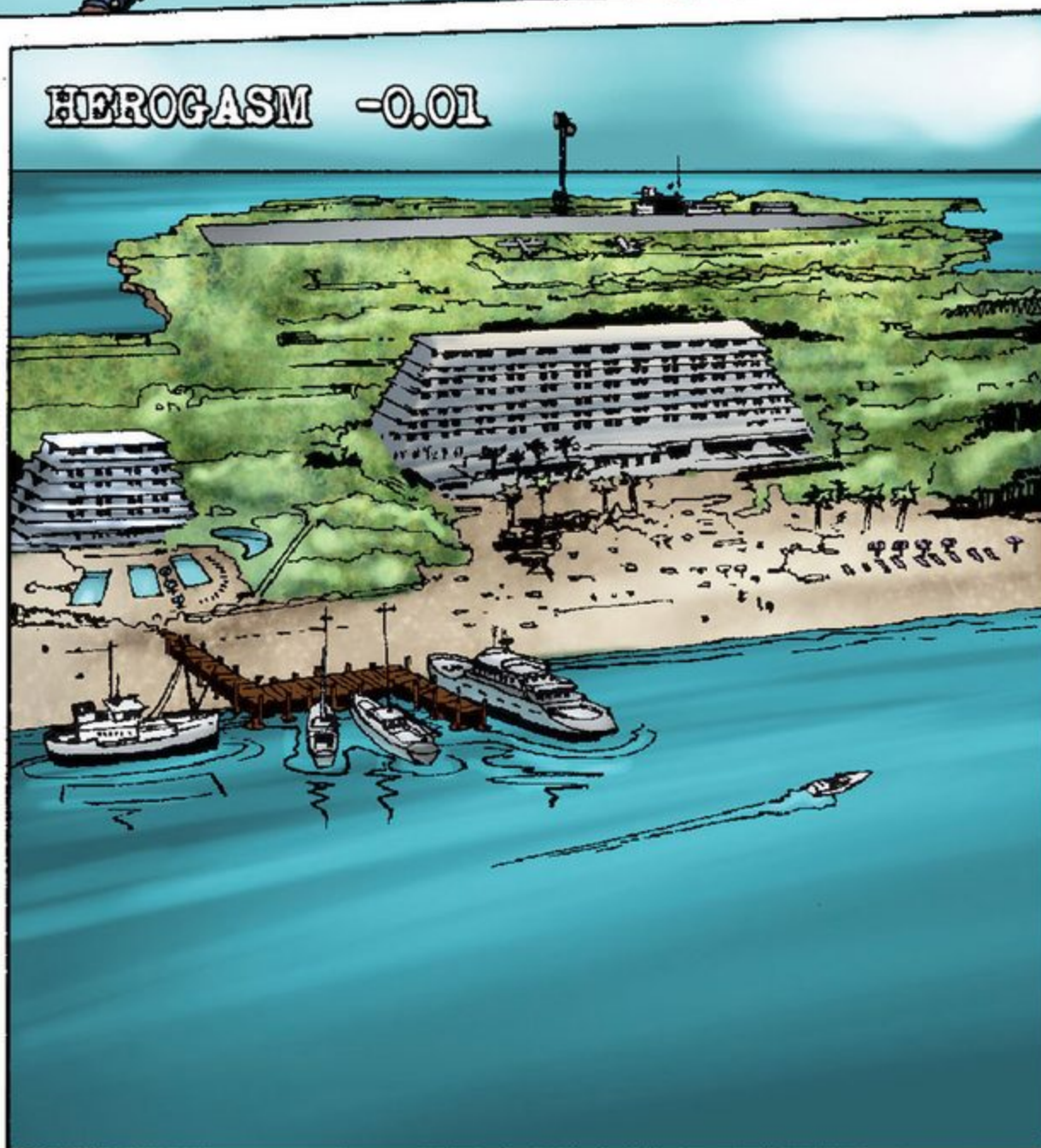
PLEASE KNOW
THAT NO MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS, WE'RE GOING TO
DO WHAT WE ALWAYS HAVE
BEFORE--AS WE DID IN
THE *CIVIL DISPUTE*, IN
DOWNCOUNT, IN THE
FINAL FRACAS AND
THE *DRUBBING*--



AND THAT'S
OUR *VERY*
BEST.

THANK
YOU.







One: BABYLON



I BELIEVE MYSELF TO BE A PATIENT MAN.



I'D SAY THAT WAS THE UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE--

PLEASE LET ME FINISH.



I DEAL WITH THE SEVEN ON A REGULAR BASIS, SO I'M MORE THAN FAMILIAR WITH EXTREMES OF EGO. THE HOMELANDER IN PARTICULAR IS A TANGLED WEB OF CONCEIT AND INSECURITY THAT WOULD TRY THE PATIENCE OF A SAINT, AND YET I SOMEHOW PREVAIL.

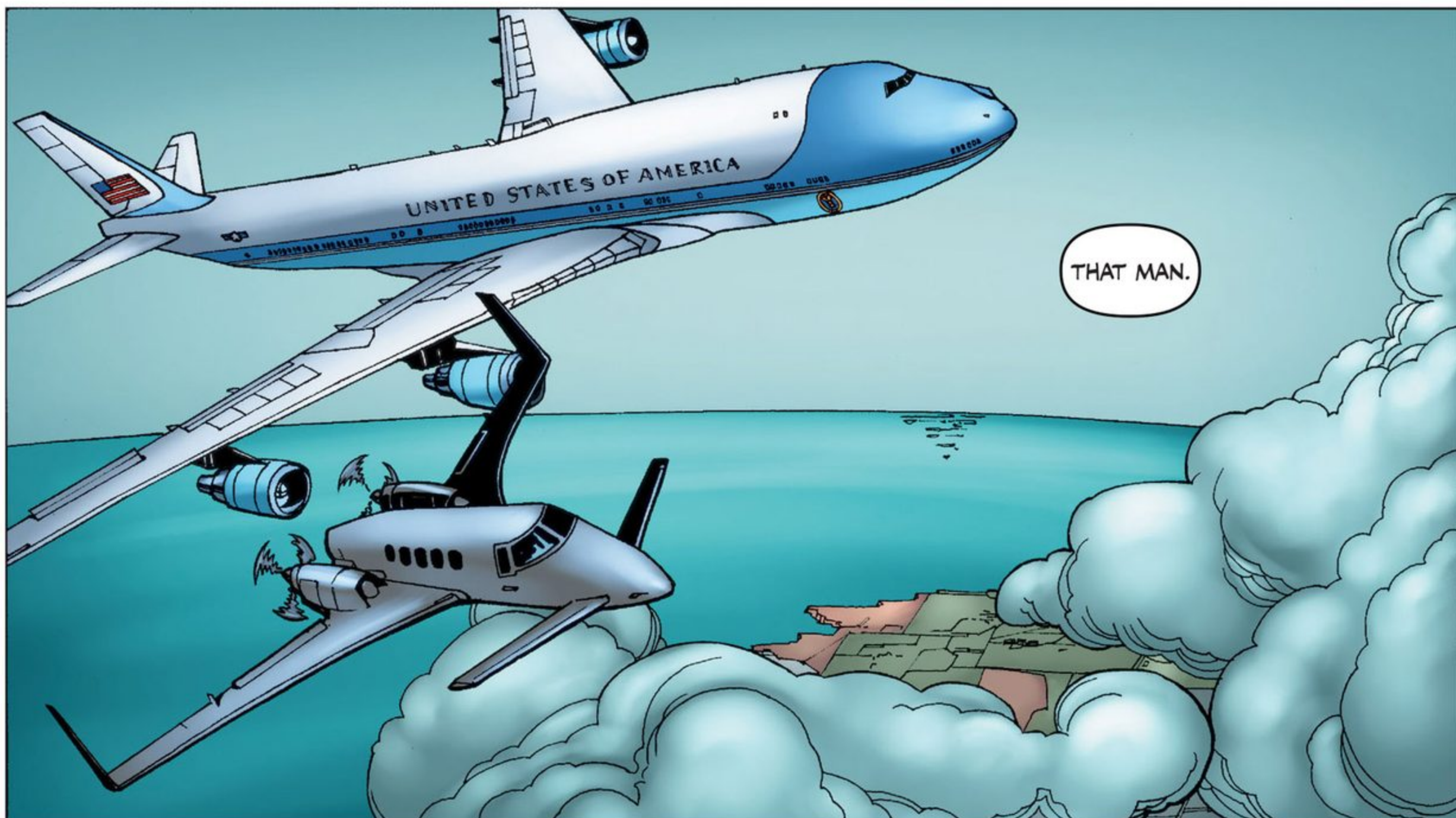
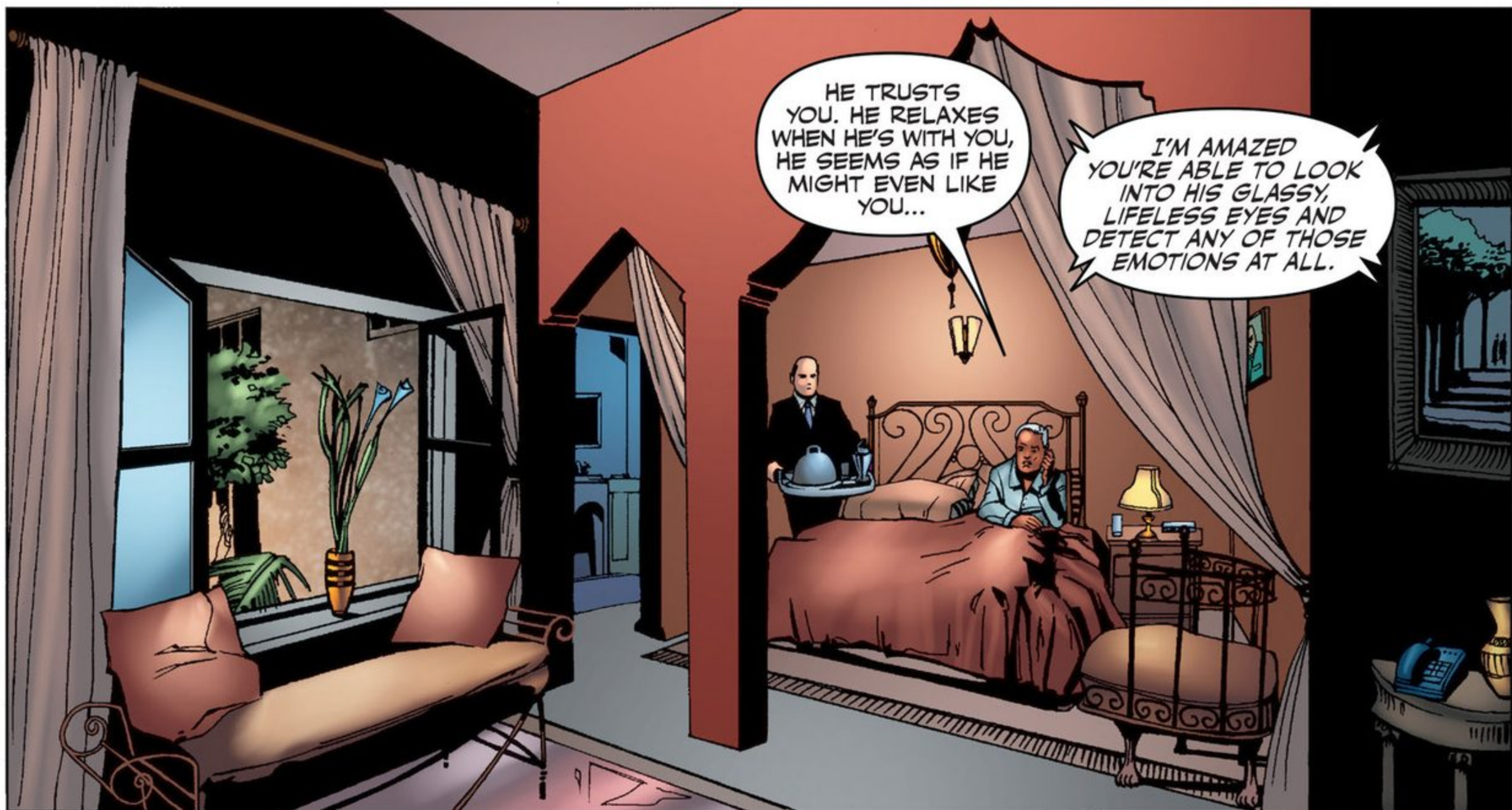
NEITHER AM I ANY STRANGER TO THE NOTION OF LOW INTELLECT. IT WAS ME, AFTER ALL, WHO CONVINCED SOLDIER BOY TO REFORM PAYBACK AFTER THE HUGO QUEER INCIDENT-- A CONVERSATION NOT WITHOUT ITS PITFALLS, I ASSURE YOU.

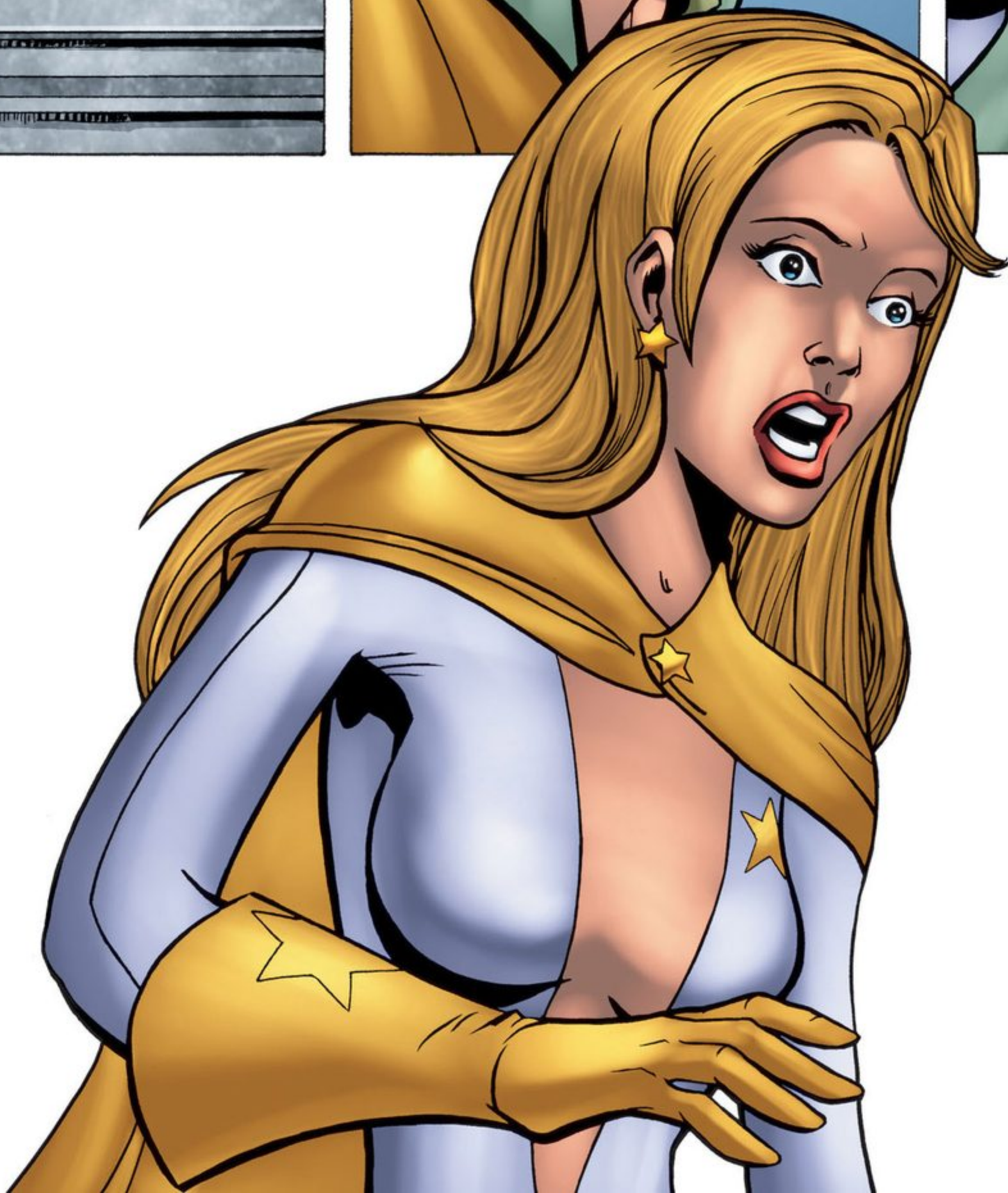


I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION.

BUT IT SIMPLY HAS TO BE YOU...

THANK YOU.







UNNNHHH

HNNNGGHH

AAAAHHHH...!

OH, THAT'S IT, KEEP--

FUCK ME, YOU--

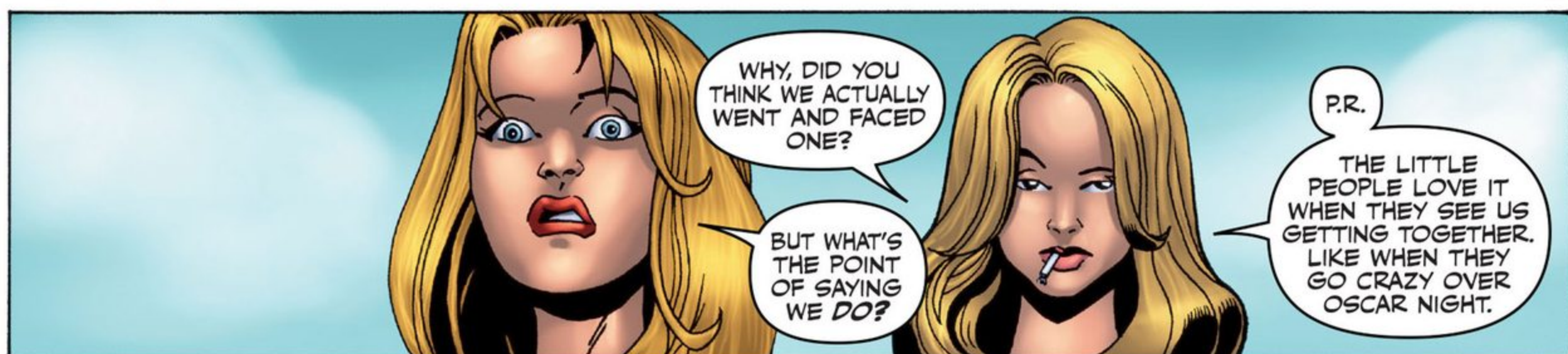
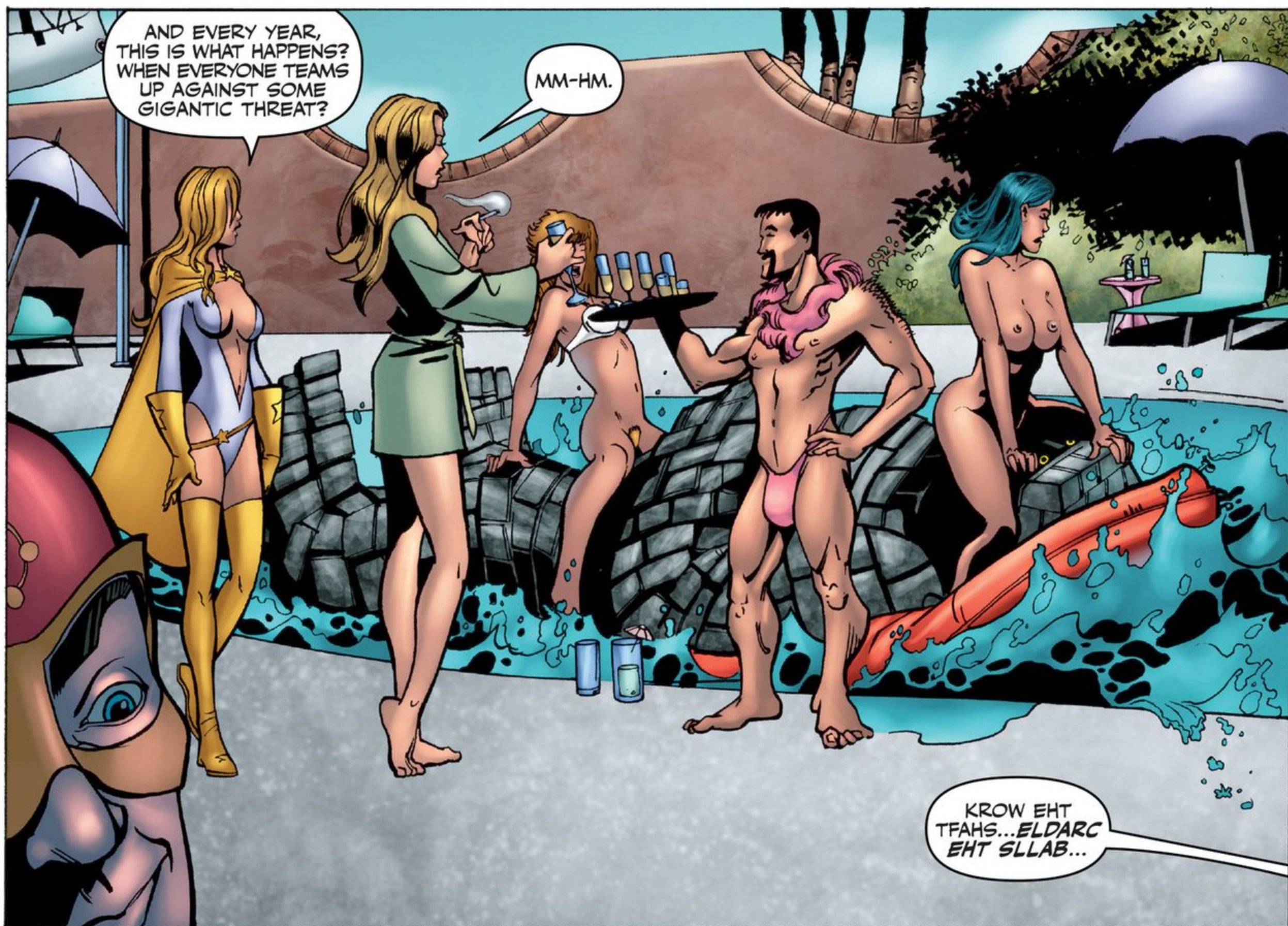
SWALLOW IT ALL--

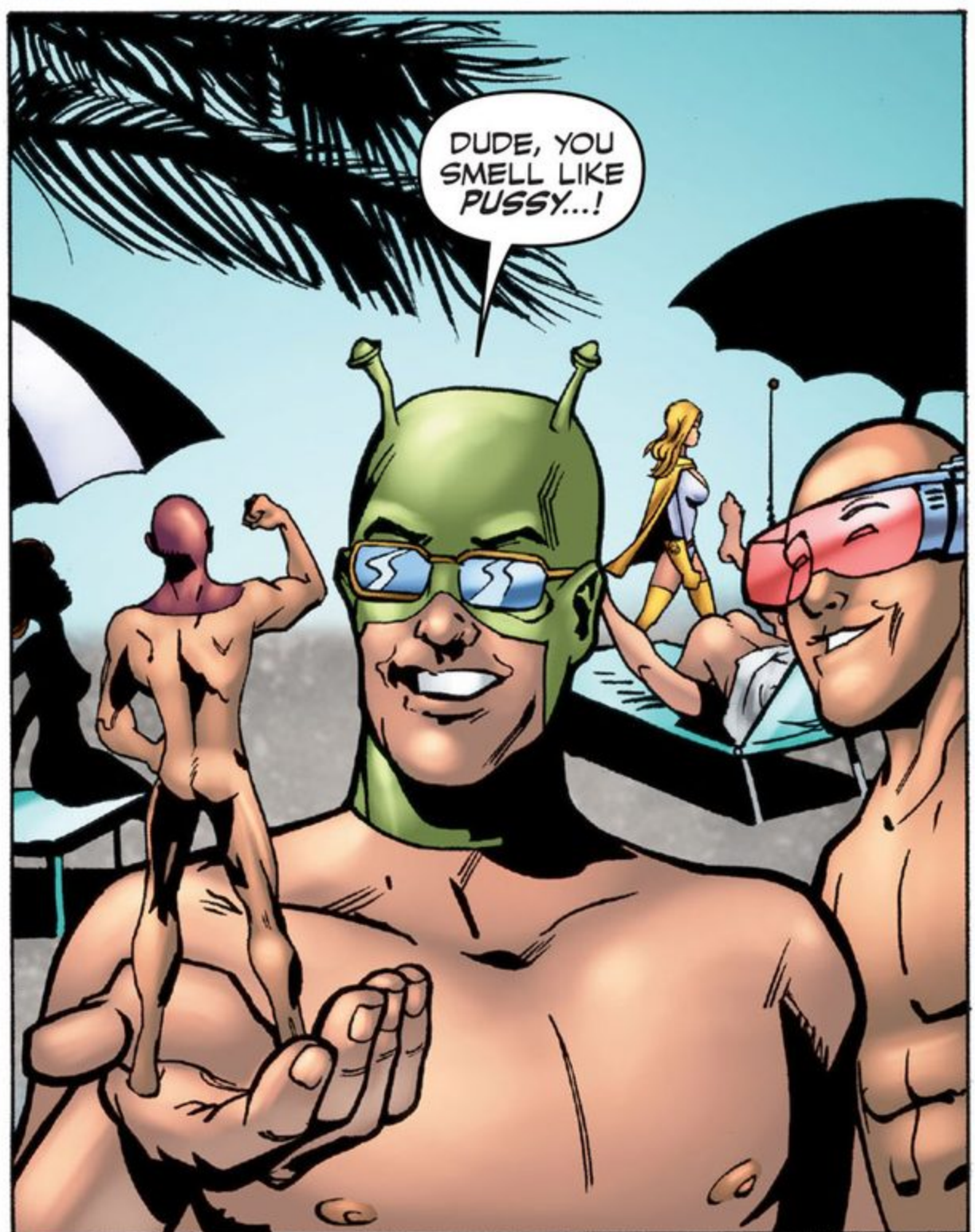
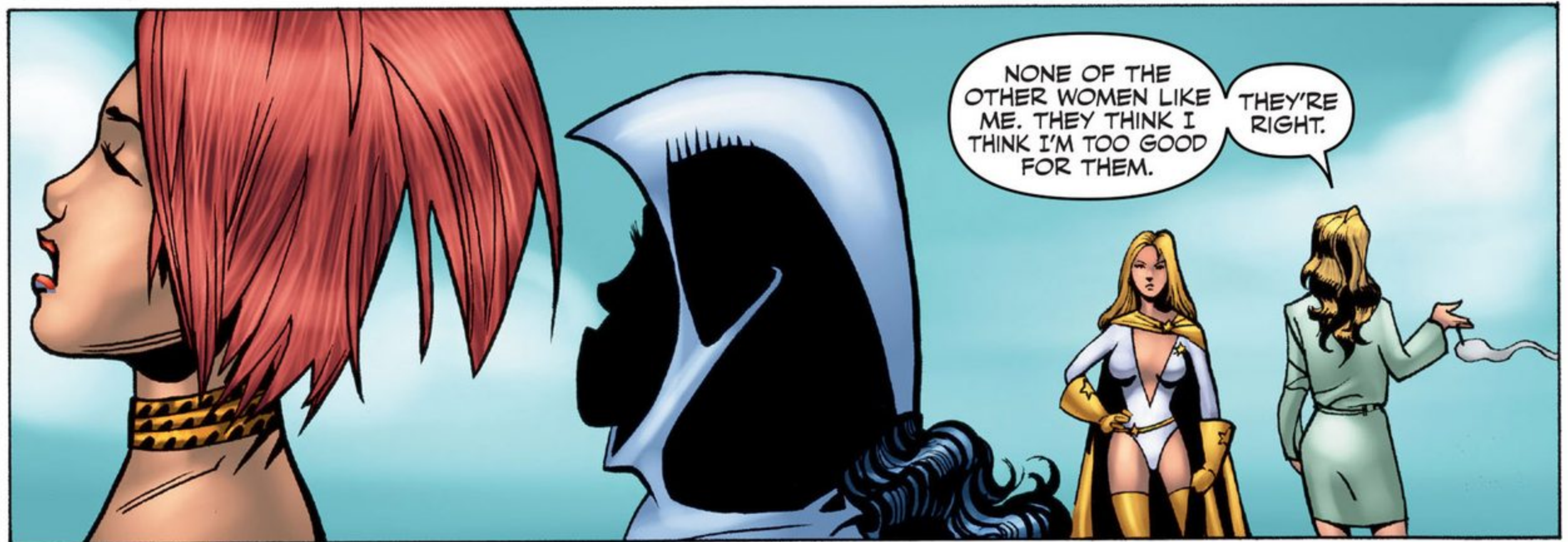
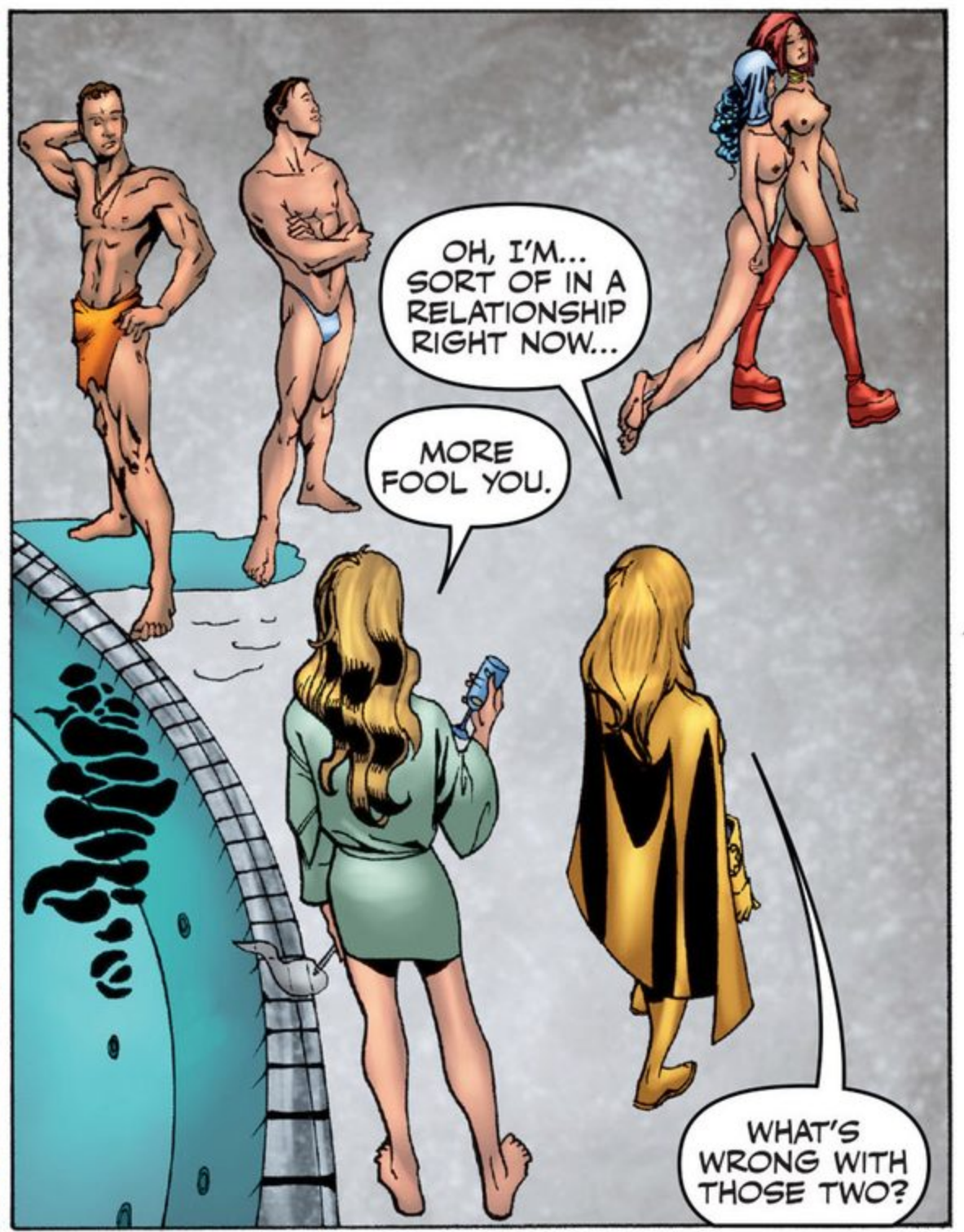
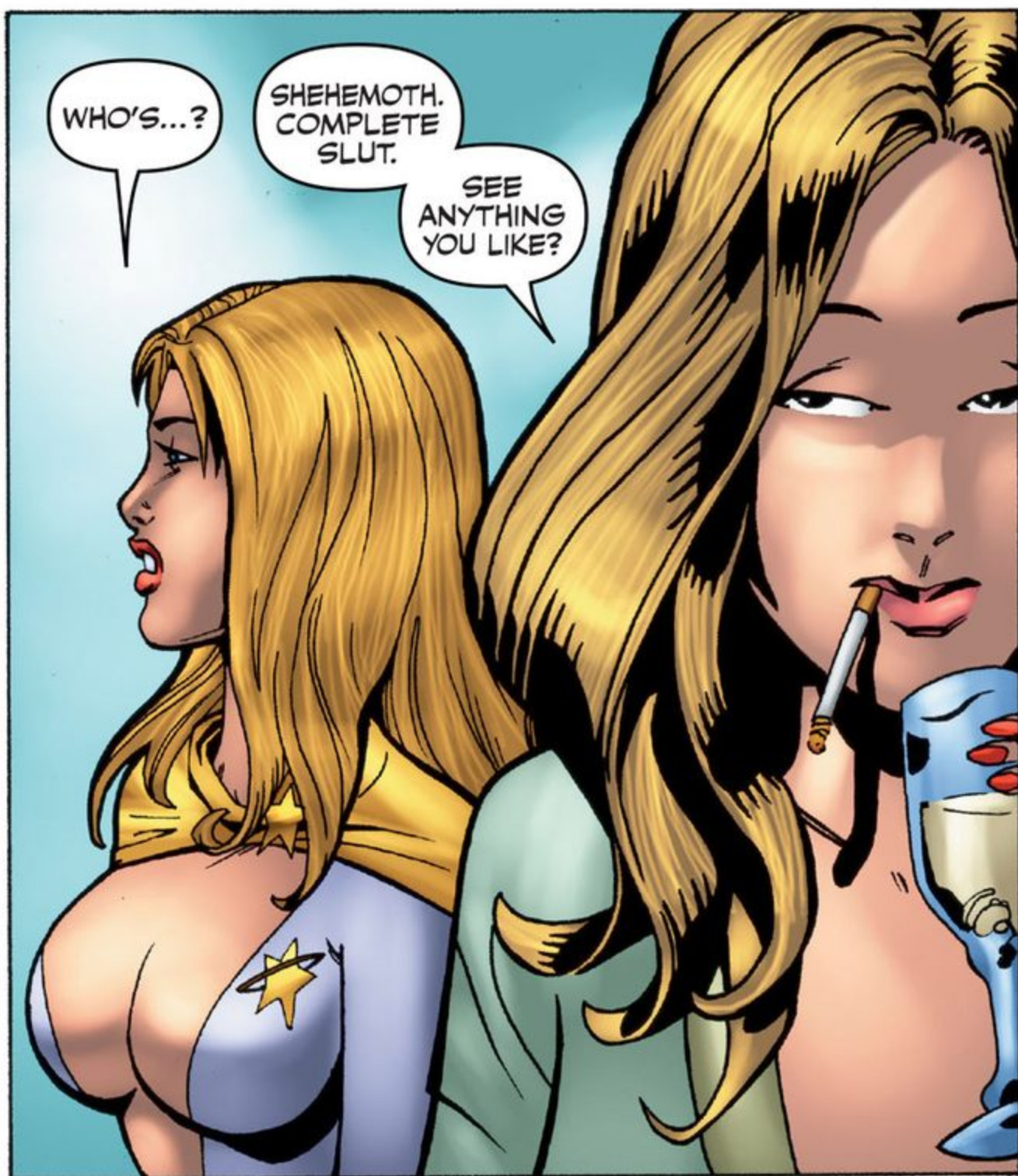
OH JESUS, USE YOUR STRETCHING POWERS--!

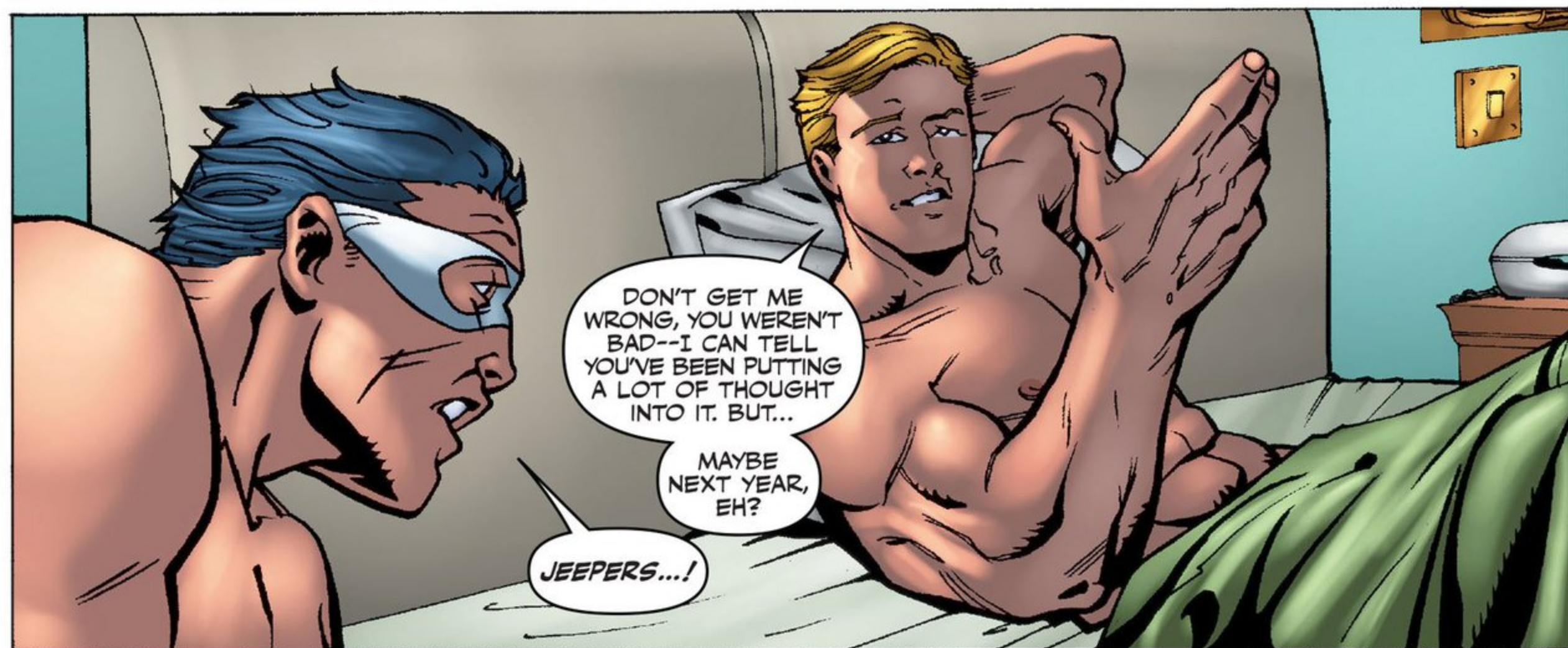
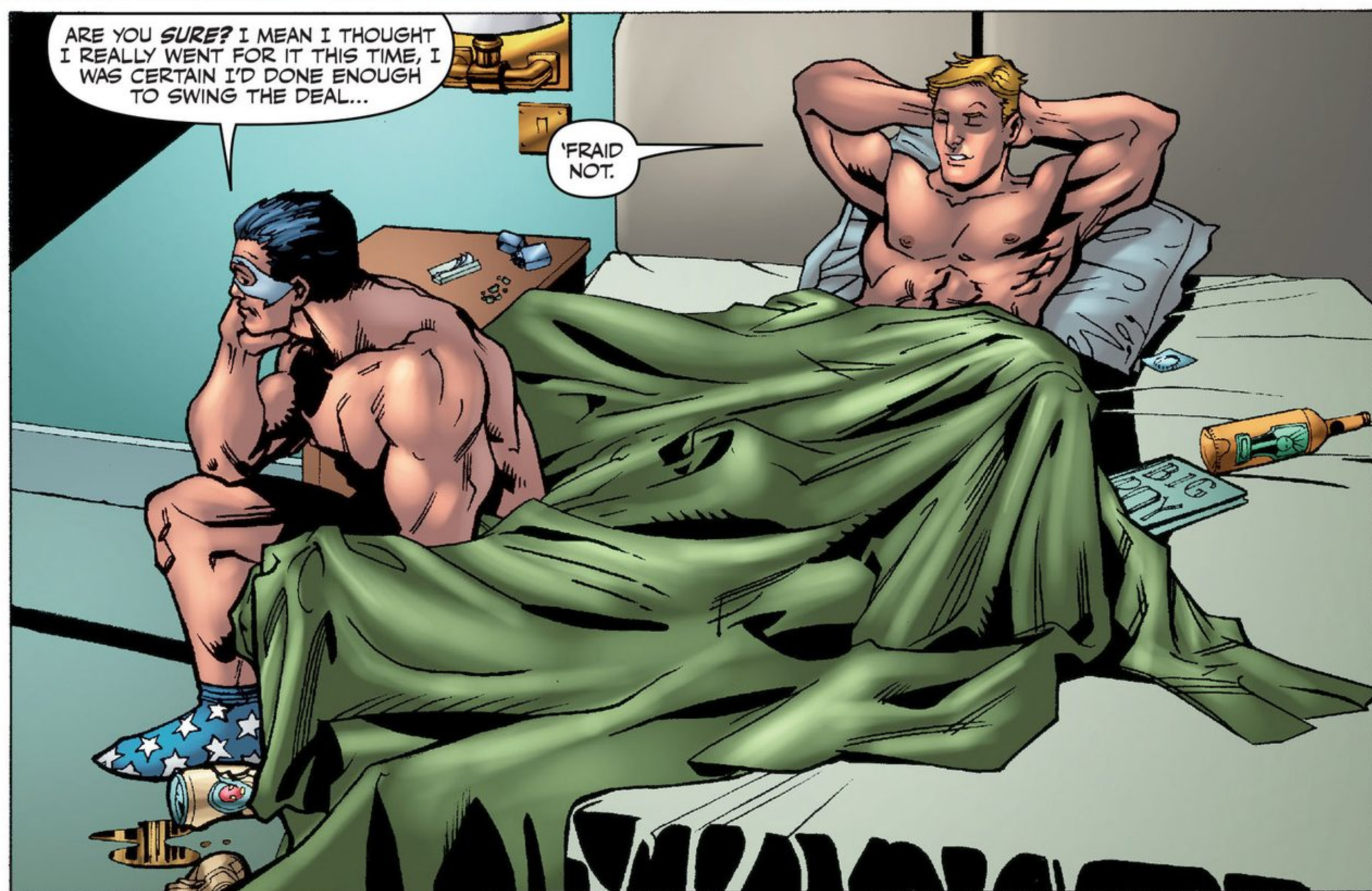
KCUS YM KCOC!

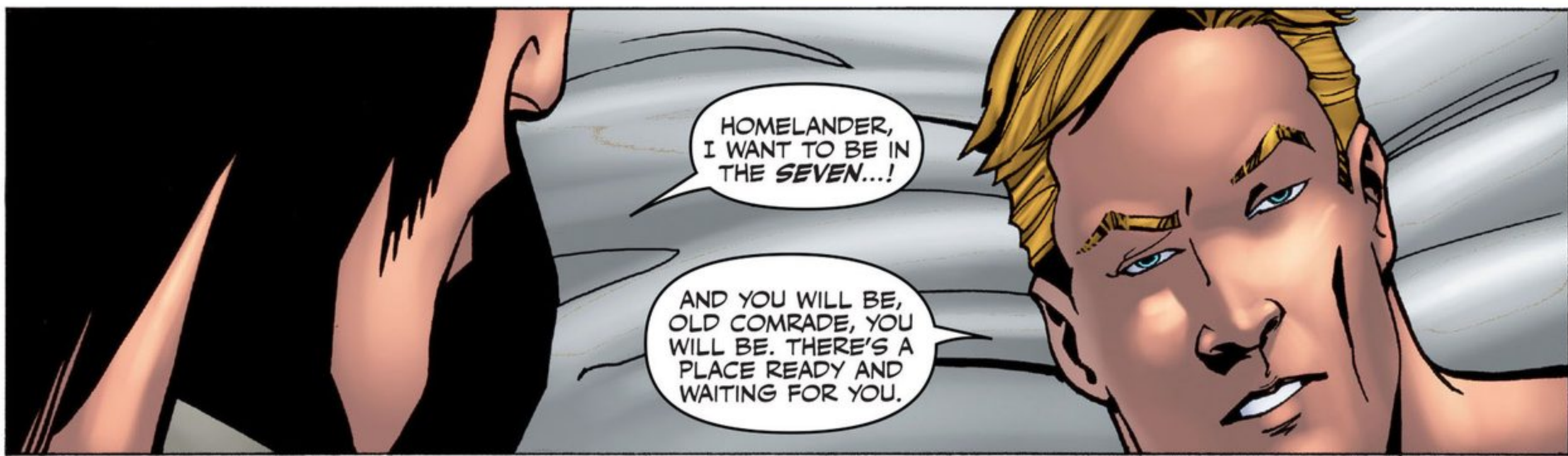
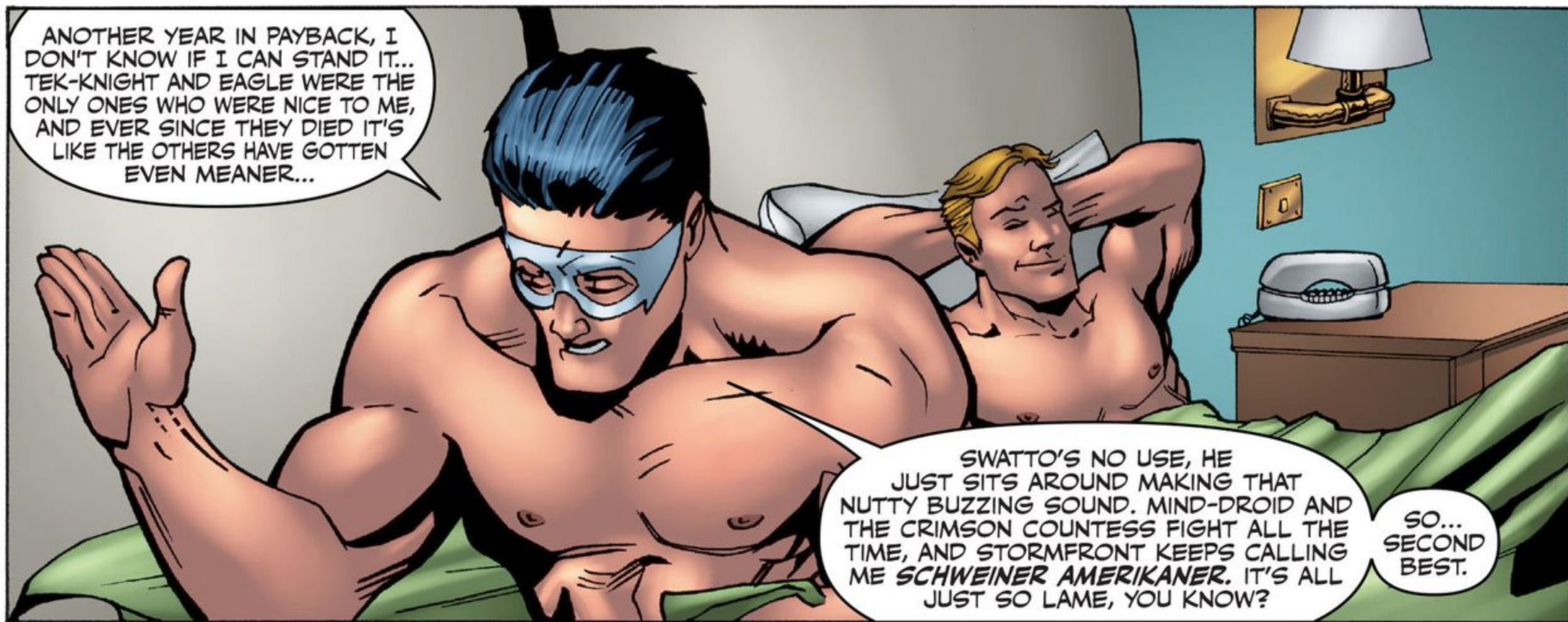
...I MEAN YOU SEE WHAT A SWEET FUCKING DEAL WE'VE GOT HERE, STORMFRONT? THERE'S NO WAY YOU'RE GOING TO TELL ME YOU GOT PUSSY LIKE THIS WHEN YOU WERE A VILLAIN--I MEAN LOOK AT YOU NOW, YOU'VE GOT THE FUCKING CRIMSON COUNTESS SUCKING YOUR DICK...!

HE HAS?











HOMELANDER?

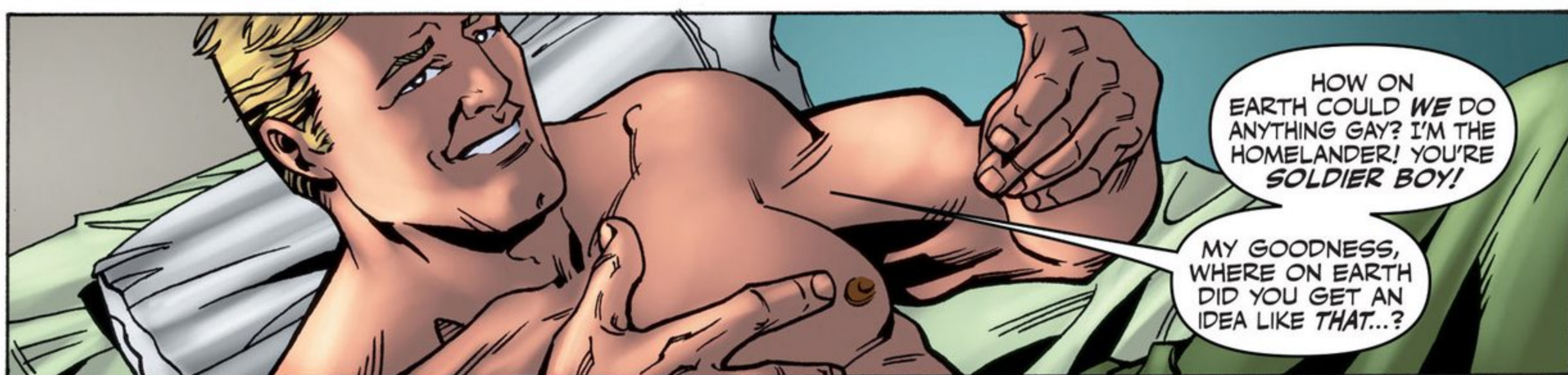
MM?

I WANTED TO, TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.



THERE'S NOTHING...*GAY* ABOUT ANY OF THIS, IS THERE...?

GAY--?



HOW ON EARTH COULD *WE* DO ANYTHING *GAY*? I'M THE HOMELANDER! YOU'RE **SOLDIER BOY!**

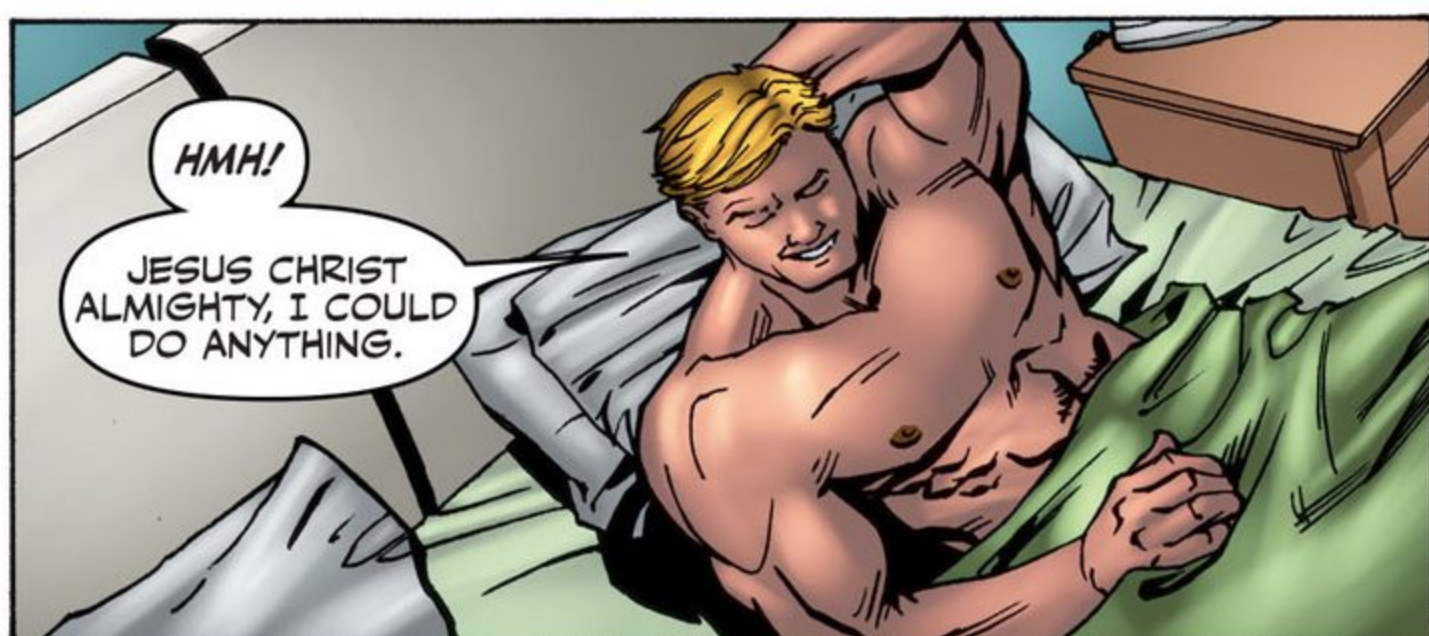
MY GOODNESS, WHERE ON EARTH DID YOU GET AN IDEA LIKE *THAT*...?



OH, OKAY. I JUST--

OKAY, I'LL SEE YOU LATER.

OF COURSE.

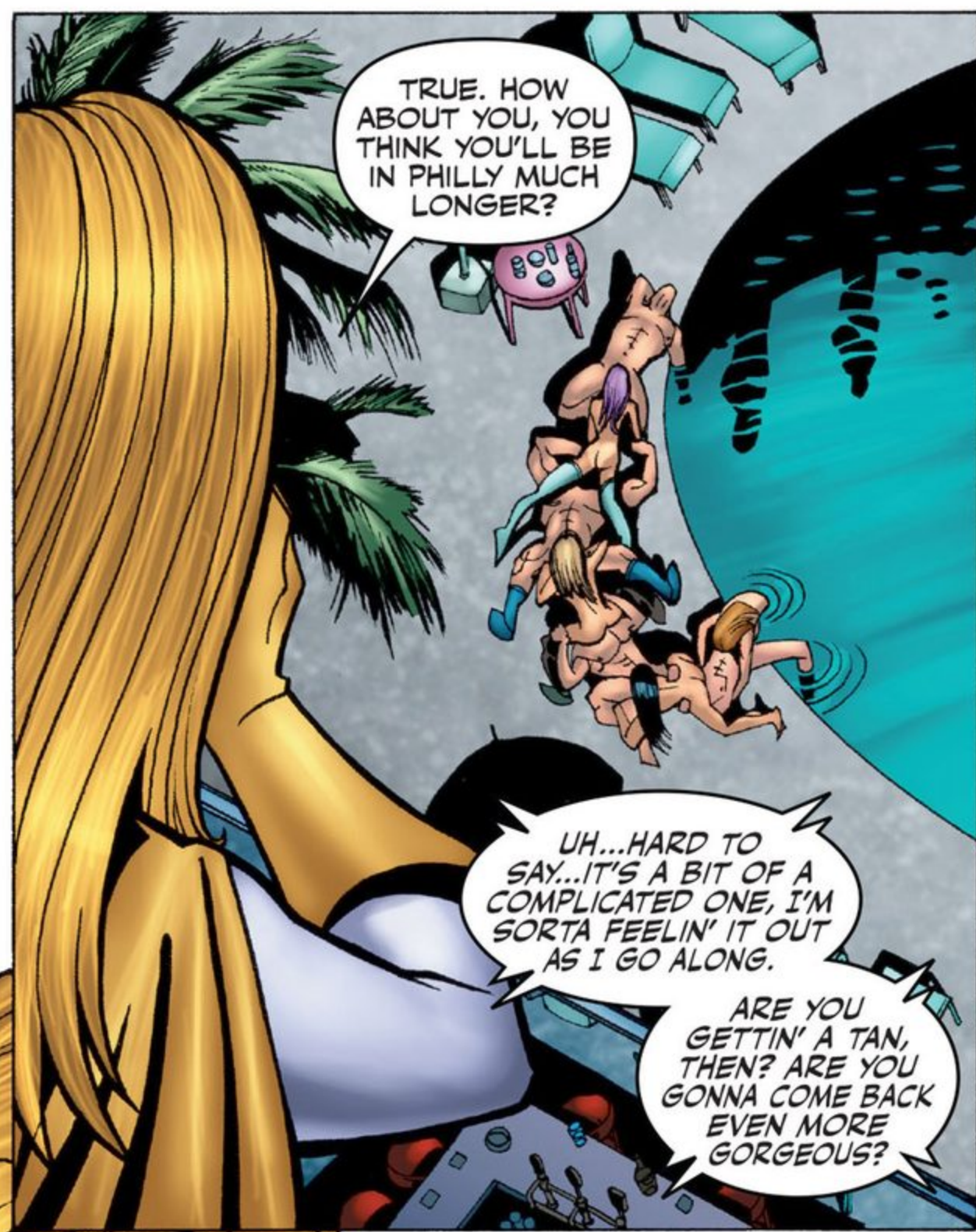
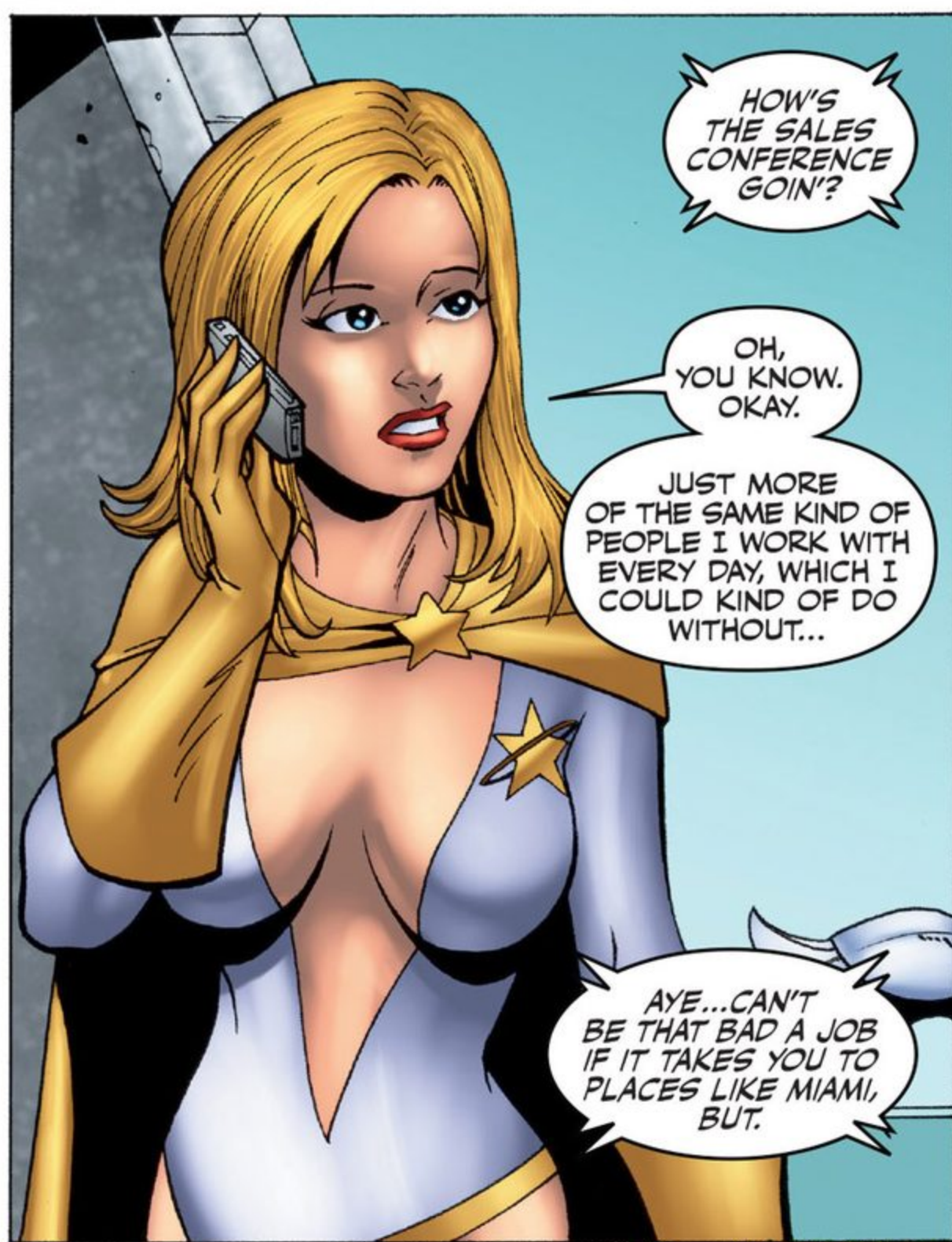
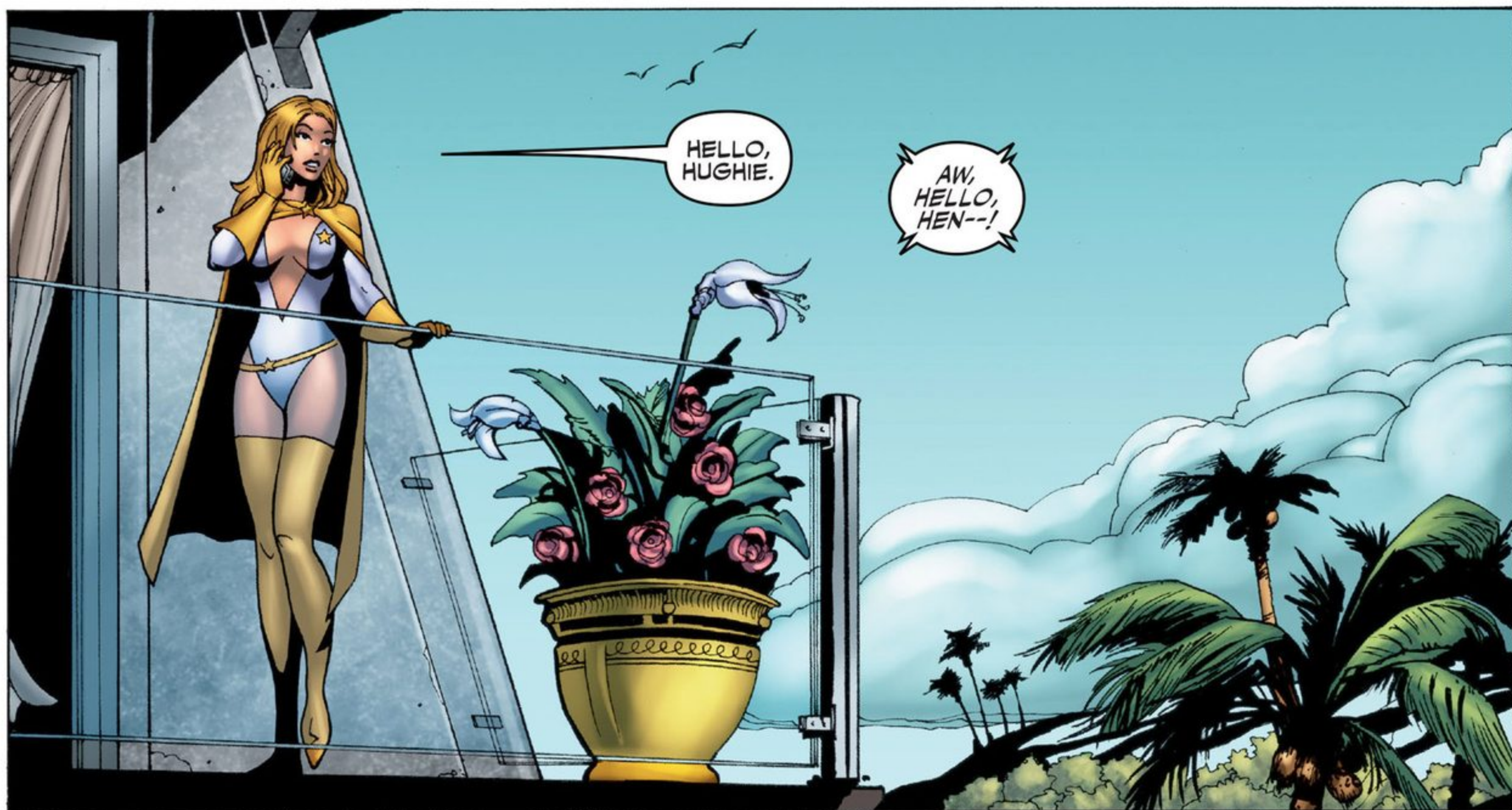


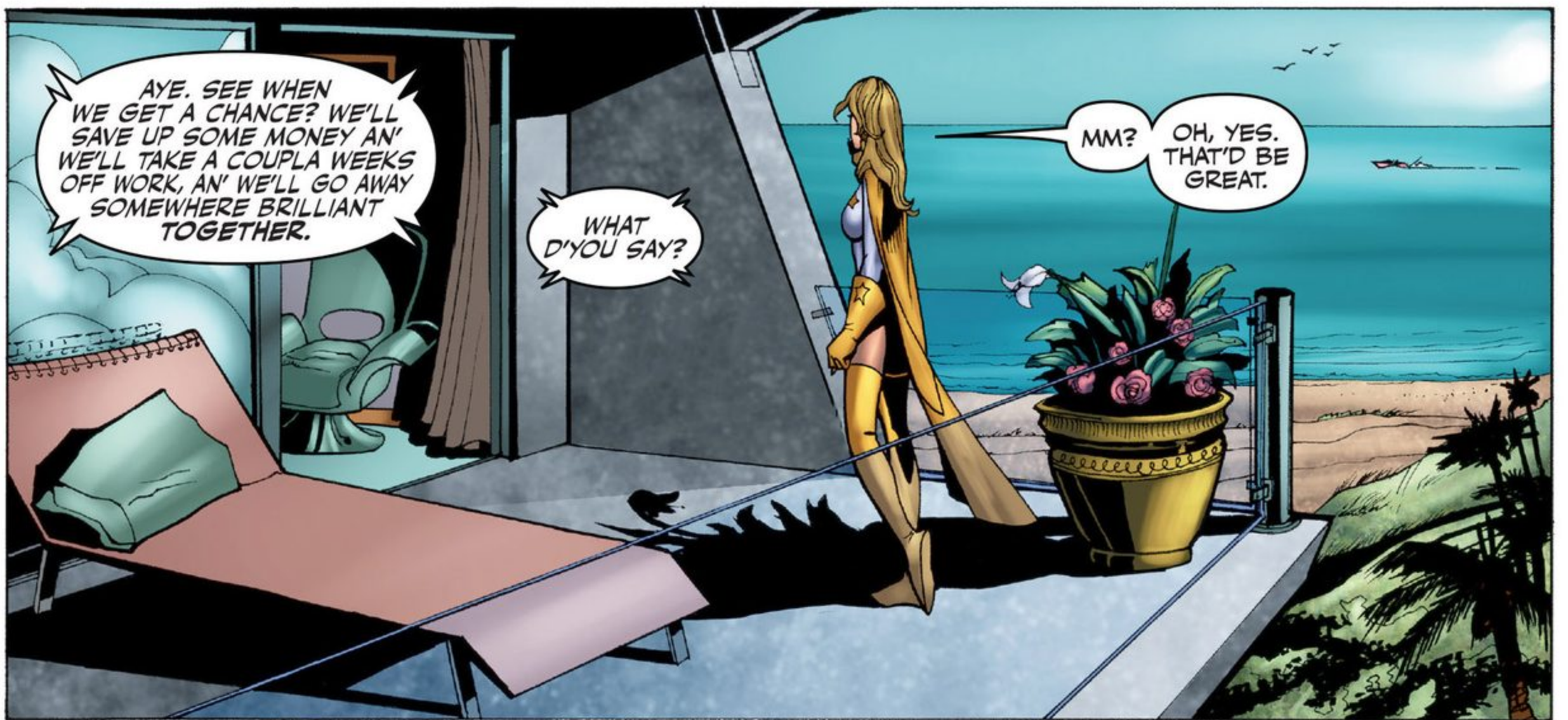
HMH!

JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY, I COULD DO ANYTHING.



I COULD DO ANYTHING.





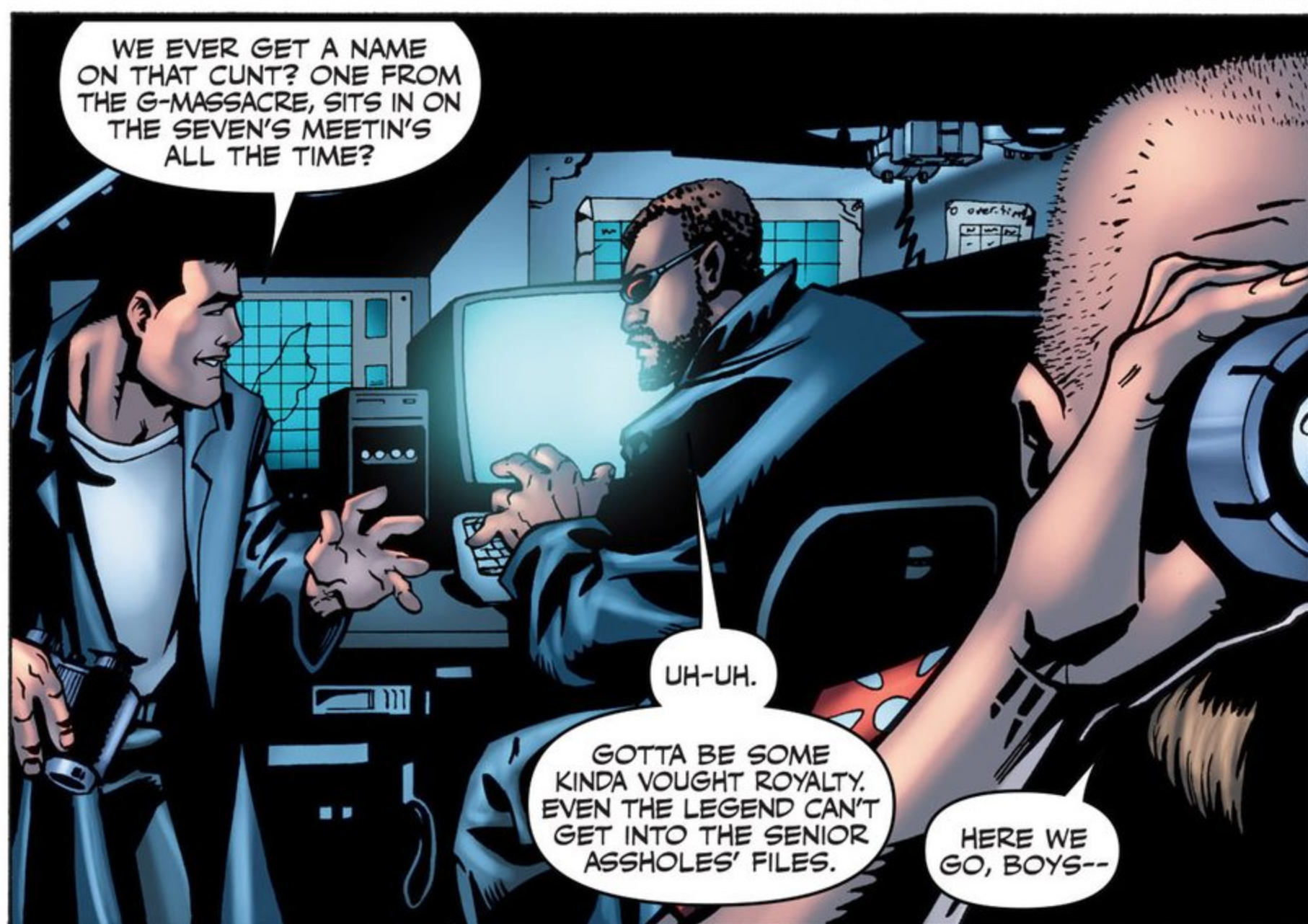
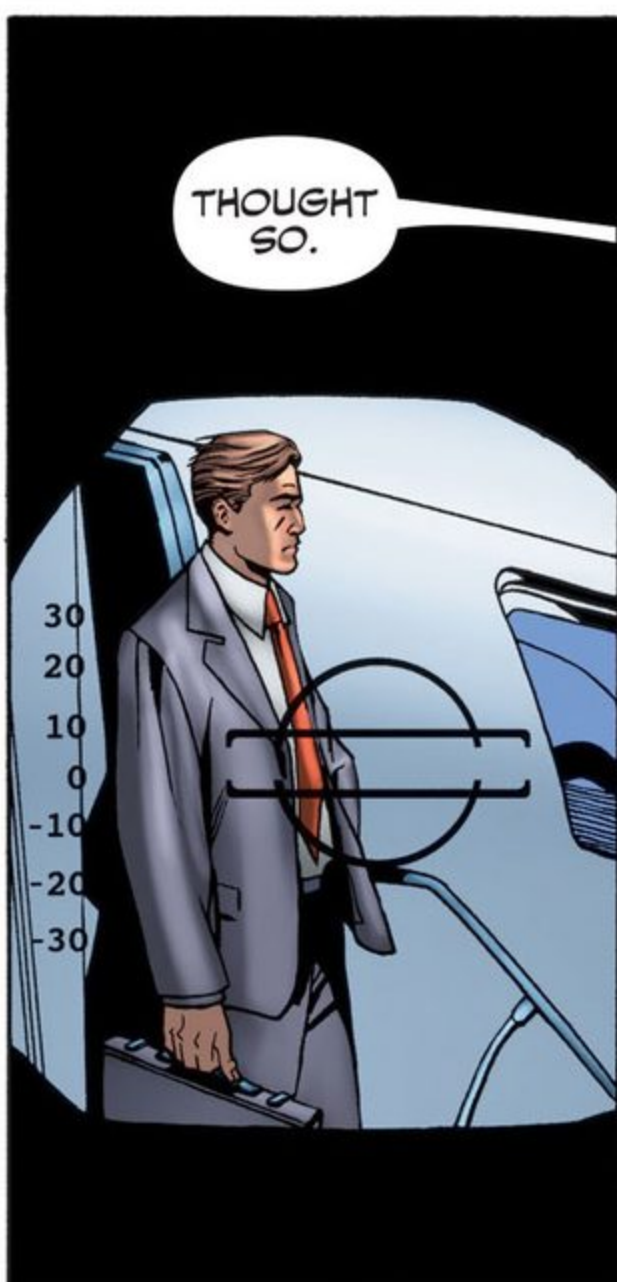


JINGS...!



THAT'S FUCKIN' AIRFORCE ONE...

AIRFORCE TWO, MATE.





I DON'T GET IT. I KNOW VIC'S A VOUGHT-AMERICAN MAN, BUT WHAT'S HE DOIN' AT A GIGANTIC FUCKIN' SUPE ORGY?

AN' WHY'S OUR PAL IN THE OTHER PLANE HERE TOO, COME TO THAT...?

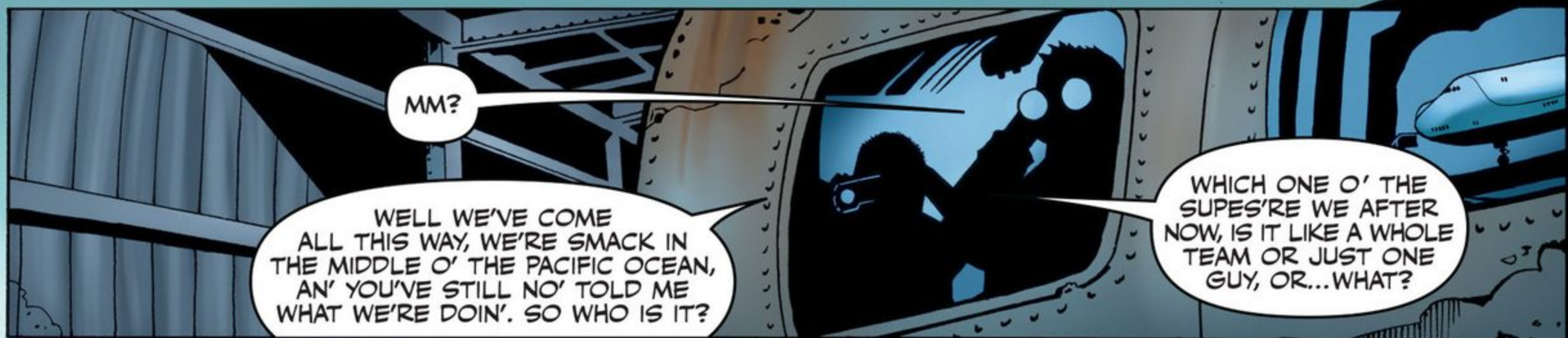


NICE AN' PRIVATE FOR 'EM, WHATEVER IT IS. SECURITY ON HEROGASM'S ALWAYS TOP-NOTCH.



OR IT IS IF YOU DON'T HAVE MATES LIKE OURS, I S'POSE.

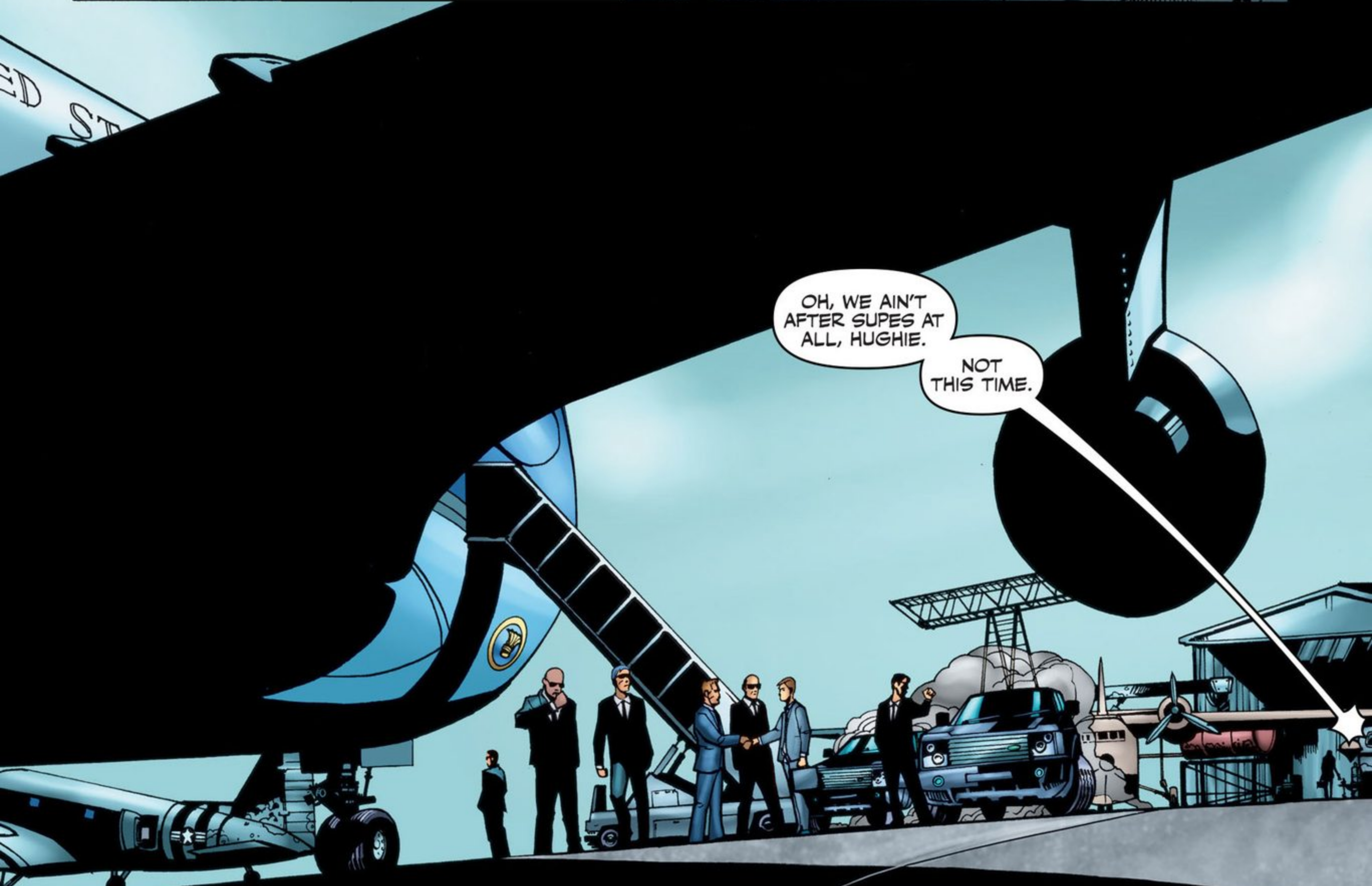
SO WHO'S THE TARGET?



MM?

WELL WE'VE COME ALL THIS WAY, WE'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE O' THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AN' YOU'VE STILL NO' TOLD ME WHAT WE'RE DOIN'. SO WHO IS IT?

WHICH ONE O' THE SUPES'RE WE AFTER NOW, IS IT LIKE A WHOLE TEAM OR JUST ONE GUY, OR...WHAT?



OH, WE AIN'T AFTER SUPES AT ALL, HUGHIE.

NOT THIS TIME.



NO? WHO ARE WE HERE FOR, THEN?

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT HIM.



TO BE CONTINUED



GOBLIN